THE

SONGS

IN

LIBERTY-HALL:

AN

OPERA,

Of TWO ACTS.

NOW PERFORMING AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

The MUSICK by Mr. DIBDIN.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Ephraim Rupee, - -	Mr. Suet.
Rupee, - - - -	Mr. Barrymore.
Engliſh, - - - -	Mr. Bannister.
Ap Hugh, - - -	Mr. Dodd.
Nettle, - - - -	Mr. Fawcett.
Lord Lofty, - - -	Mr. Staunton.
Fidgit, - - - -	Mr. R. Palmer.
Seabright, - - -	Mr. Wrighten.
La Fleur, - - - -	Mr. Burton.
Aurelia, - - - -	Miſs George.
Lucy, - - - -	Miſs Phillips.
Patience, - - - -	Mrs. Wilson.

SONGS, &c.

IN

LIBERTY-HALL.

ACT I.

AIR I.

CHORUS.

LIGHT and tripping as you tread,
With printleſs ſteps along the mead,
With air ingenuous, open, free,
Hither come, ſweet Liberty!
Health waits thee in thy bleſt domain,
Come, and hold thy jocund reign!

Hair. Here's the true ſeat of Liberty;
We ſit, ſing, chat, and ſip our our tea,
Diſcuſs the modiſh topics round,
While jeſt and joy and joke abound,
Abuſing, as it ſerves our ends,
The ſtate, the weather, and our friends.
Cho. Then light and tripping, &c.

Net. Britons well read in freedom's lore,
Say all they know and ten times more;
Coblers teach kings—and where's the crime?
Let beards wag freely—truths ſublime
Fall ſometimes from the coarſeſt tongue,
As order out of chaos ſprung.
Cho. Then light and tripping, &c.

AIR

AIR II.

WERE Patience kind to me,
Oh he de nos!
Far plyther than a goat I'd be,
Oh he de nos!
Leap, ſkip and pound would poor ap Hugh,
And capriole and caper too,
And friſk and jump and tance, look you,
Oh he de nos!

II.

But Patience ferry cruel is,
Oh he de nos!
With jibes and cherrs and mockeries,
Oh he de nos!
Which makes to ſigh and ſob ap Hugh,
And whining his ſad fortune rue,
And grieve and croan and crunt, look you,
Oh he de nos!

AIR III.

WHEN faintly gleams the doubtful day,
Ere yet the dew-drops on the thorn
Borrow a luſtre from the ray
That tips with gold the dancing corn;
Health bids awake and homage pay
To him who gave another morn;
And well with ſtrength his nerves to brace,
Urges the ſportſman to the chace.

II.

Do we purſue the timid hare,
As trembling o'er the lawn ſhe bounds,
Still of her ſafety have we care---
While ſeeming death her ſteps ſurrounds,
We the defenceleſs creature ſpare,
And inſtant ſtop the well-taught hounds:
For cruelty ſhou'd ne'er diſgrace
The well-earned pleaſures of the chace.

III.

" * Do we purſue the ſubtle fox,
" Still may he wilds and marſhes try,
" Struggle o'er heaths and ſtrive up rocks,
" The deep-mouth'd hounds ſhall following fly;
" And while he every danger mocks,
" Unpitied ſhall the culprit die:

" To quell his cruel, crafty race,
" Is labour worthy of the chace.

IV.

Return'd with ſhaggy ſpoils well ſtor'd,
To our convivial joys at night,
We toaſt---and firſt our country's lord,
Anxious who moſt ſhall do him right;
The fair next crowns the ſocial board—
Britons ſhould love as well as fight—

For he who ſlights the tender race,
Is held unworthy of the chace.

* Omitted in the repreſentation.

AIR VI.

HERE I am,
With my ching wham wham,
Gay, ſplendid and dazzling pronounce me,
While chang whang whang,
As their citrons they twang,
My ſlaves and attendants announce me.
Laſcars with their tymbals
Go thrum thrum thrum,
And give the alarm by their drumming,
While females their cymbals
So ſtrum ſtrum ſtrum,
Proclaiming her title that's coming.
Here I am, &c.

At length the mutes,
With their dulcet flutes,
So ſweetly join the cymbal's ſtrum,
And qualify the tymbal's thrum,
'Till having ſtunn'd the liſtening ears
With whing chang chang,
And ching whang whang,
At length the motley train appears.
Here I am, &c.

AIR V.

WHO to my wounds a balm adviſes,
But little knows what I endure;
The patient's pain to torture riſes
When medicine's try'd and fails to cure.

What can the wiſeſt counſel teach me
But ſad remembrance of my grief?
Alas! your kindneſs cannot reach me;
It gives but words—I aſk relief.

AIR VI.

NE'ER yet did lover
Hope diſcover
'Till won by ſighs and wiſhes tender;
To reward him,
We accord him
That preſage of our heart's ſurrender.

Hope's the reward of faithful hearts,
Herald of every joy propitious;
The courſe on which the lover ſtarts,
Eager to reach that goal, his wiſhes.

When you a lover's title prove,
So kind, ſo true—well pleas'd to greet you,
This hope, the harbinger of love,
With willing ſmiles ſhall haſte to meet you.

AIR. VII.

JACK Ratling was the ableſt ſeaman,
None like him could hand, reef and ſteer;
No dangerous toil but he'd encounter,
With ſkill, and in contempt of fear.

In fight a lion; the battle ended,
Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove;
Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit—
Yet did he ſigh---and all for love.

II.

The ſong, the jeſt, the flowing liquor—
For none of theſe had Jack regard;
He, while his meſſmates were carouſing,
High ſitting on the pendant yard,

Would think upon his fair-one's beauties,
Swear never from ſuch charms to rove;
That truly he'd adore them living,
And dying---ſigh---to end his love.

III.

The ſame expreſs the crew commanded
Once more to view their native land,
Among the reſt brought Jack ſome tidings---
Would it had been his love's fair hand!

Oh fate!---her death defac'd the letter,
Inſtant his pulſe forgot to move;
With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
He heav'd a ſigh---and dy'd for love.

CHORUS.

AIR VIII.

CHORUS.

WHAT if my pleaſures fools condemn;
Becauſe I am not dull like them;
Becauſe no minute I let paſs
Unmark'd by a convivial glaſs.

Or elſe, retir'd from ſtrife and noiſe,
I tempt the fair to ſofter joys;
A mortal with a ſoul divine,
Alternate crown'd with love and wine.

II.

Theſe ſhall on earth my being ſhare;
And when I'm gone, if in my heir
My ſpirit live, let him not mourn
But ſee emboſs'd, upon my urn,

Bacchus and Venus in a wreath,
With this inſcription underneath:
" This mortal had a ſoul divine,
Alternate crown'd with love and wine."

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

AIR IX.

Oh tranſport beyond meaſure!
Oh exſtacy of pleaſure!
What unknown joys poſſeſs me!
The world will now confeſs me
That honor'd, happy thing, a wife

Should unexpected croſſes
Misfortunes breed and loſſes,
My huſband's cares to ſoften,
I'll tenderly and often
With fondneſs baniſh every ſtriſe.

Thus I'll diſcharge ſo duly,
So conſtantly, ſo truly,
So well my duty's promiſe,
That, pain and care far from us,
Sweet ſhall be our cup of life.

AIR X.

PREPAR'D each army in its way,
Would you hoſtilities ſhould ceaſe,
Do you the olive branch diſplay;
I'll ſmoke the calimut of peace.

But if in arms we muſt be found,
Haſte to the field and let us ſee
If your trumpet or my war-whoop
Can loudeſt cry—to victory.

AIR. XI.

When faries are lighted by night's ſilver queen,
And feaſt in the meadow, or dance on the green,
My Lumkin aſide lays his plough and his flail
By yon oak to ſit near me, and tell his fond tale.

And tho' I'm aſſur'd the ſame vows were believ'd
By Patty and Ruth he forſook and deceiv'd,
Yet ſo ſweet are his words, and like truth ſo appear,
I pardon the treaſon, the traitor's ſo dear.

II.

I ſaw the ſtraw bonnet he bought at the fair,
The roſe-colour'd ribbons to deck Jenny's hair;
The ſhoe-tyes of Bridget and, ſtill worſe than this,
The gloves he gave Peggy for ſtealing a kiſs.

All theſe did I ſee, and with heart-rending pain
Swore to part; yet I know when I ſee him again,
His words and his looks will like truth ſo appear,
I ſhall pardon the treaſon, the traitor's ſo dear.

AIR XII.

Nay, man, never ſtare,
We breathe purer air
Who from pleaſure and pleaſure ſtill bound;
Who through life's buſy race,
Though we're hot on the chace,
Neither follow the horn or the hound.

II.

But how to inſpire,
With my volatile fire,
You who ſlowly exiſtence drag round,
Far from regions of taſte
Who a dull being waſte,
'Twixt echo your horn and your hound.

III.

My counſel then take,
For propriety's ſake,
Nor dare once intruding be found
Into our bright ſphere;
But vegetate here
With your hunter, your horſe, and your hound.

AIR

AIR XIII.

Do ſalmons love a lucid ſtream?
Do thirſty ſheep love fountains?
Do Druids love a doleful theme?
Or goats the craggy mountains?

If it be true theſe theſe things are ſo,
As truly ſhe's my lovey,
And os wit I yng carie I
Rwy fi dwyn dy garie di
As—Ein dai tree pedwar pimp chweck---go
The bells of Aberdovey.

II.

Do keffels love a whiſp of hay?
Do ſprightly kids love prancing?
Do curates crowdies love to play?
Or peaſants morice-dancing?

If it be true, &c.

AIR XIV.

See the courſe throng'd with gazers, the ſports are begun,
The confuſion but hear! I'll bett you---done---done;
Ten thouſand ſtrange murmurs reſound far and near;
Lords, hawkers and jockies, aſſail the tir'd ear.

While, with neck like a rainbow, erecting his creſt,
Pamper'd, prancing and pleas'd---his head touching his breaſt,
Scarcely ſnuffing the air, he's ſo proud and elate,
The high-mettled racer---firſt ſtarts for the plate.

II.

" Now Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge
" and ditch ruſh,
" Hounds, horſes and huntſmen all hard at his
" bruſh;
" They run him at length, and they have him
" at bay;
" And by ſcent and by view cheat a long te-
" dious way.

" While

" While alike born for ſports of the field or the
" courſe,
" Always ſure to come thorough a ſtaunch and
" fleet horſe;
" When fairly run down, the fox yields up his
" breath;
" The high-mettled racer is in at the death *.

III.

Grown aged, us'd up and turn'd out of the ſtud,
Lame, ſpavin'd and wind-gall'd, but yet with
ſome blood,
While knowing poſtilions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won this ſweepſtakes, his ſire
gain'd that race:

And what matches he run, to the oſtlers count
o'er,
As they loiter their time at ſome hedge alehouſe
door;
While the harneſs ſore galls, and the ſpurs his
ſides goad,
The high-mettled racer's—a hack of the road.

* Omitted in the repreſentation.

'Till

VI.

'Till at laſt having labour'd, drudg'd early and
late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate;
Blind, old, lean and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws ſand 'till the ſand of his hour-glaſs
ſtands ſtill.

And now cold and lifeleſs expoſed to the view,
In the very ſame cart which he yeſterday drew;
While a pitying crowd his ſad relicks ſurrounds,
The high mettled racer---is ſold for the hounds!

AIR

AIR XV.

LUCY.

HEAR me, unkind and cruel, hear me,
In pity to the griefs I feel;
Or ſmiling turn and kindly cheer me,
Or here will I for ever kneel.

'Twixt life and death the ſoul to fetter,
Ah, who can bear't! my ſentence ſpeak:
Than love and be unbleſs'd, 'twere better
The woe-torn heart at once ſhould break.

ENGLISH and LUCY.

Rejoice, too happy men, rejoice,
'Tis juſtice pleads in Lucy's voice:
Nay, ne'er pauſe nor ſtart;
Let love to your aſſiſtance come,
Recal your ſcatter'd reaſon home,
And take her to your heart.

AIR

AIR XVI.

Lucy. No longer ſlow-conſuming care
And grief by turns devour me:
My heart's grown light, I tread on air;
Delicious joys o'erpow'r me.

Cho. No low'ring clouds ſhall overwhelm
Henceforth our hopes on folly's ſea;
For wary prudence takes the helm,
To guide the bark of Liberty.

Eng. Increaſing bleſſings may ye prove!
For nobly haſt thou won her;
They only pay the price of love,
Who purchaſe it with honor.

Cho. No low'ring, &c.

Aur. Like this good creature, prithee ſay,
Was ever ſuch another?
Oh, that the ſiſter's love could pay
Thy friendſhip to the brother!

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THE END.